

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1905.

VOLUME 11.

NUMBER 2

WOMAN HANGED.

Mrs. Mary Rogers Pays the Death Penalty For Murder of Husband.

Windsor, Vt., Dec. 8.—Mrs. Mary Mabel Rogers was hanged at the Vermont State prison at Windsor at 12:10 o'clock this afternoon for the murder of her husband, Marcus Rogers, at Bennington, August 13, 1902. Mrs. Rogers was pronounced dead by the prison officials at 1:27 p. m.

The execution took place after the woman had been twice reprieved on account of appeals made in her case by her counsel and after the United States Supreme Court refused to take action in the case.

Only a comparatively few persons witnessed the hanging, the number being restricted to those permitted to attend by the laws of Vermont.

Mrs. Rogers maintained her composure to the last, and moaned the gallows with a steady step. Although a deathly pallor overspread her countenance, hardly a muscle quivered as Deputy Sheriff Spafford pronounced the fatal words:

"I now proceed to execute the sentence of the law, and may God have mercy on your soul."

When the words were pronounced Deputy Sheriff Angus McAuley sprang the trap and the drop fell.

Promptly at 1:04 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Spafford, who was in charge of the execution, dispatched two of his deputies to Mrs. Rogers' cell, in the central section of the State prison, where the women prisoners are confined. In the meantime a little group, consisting of Sheriffs, deputies, prison guards, military guards, legal witnesses and three Vermont newspaper representatives, had assembled in the west or old wing of the prison, where the scaffold had been erected.

In the opinion of the attending physicians, Mrs. Rogers' neck was not broken, and death was due to strangulation, although she was "probably unconscious from the fall of the drop."

The law having been fulfilled, the deputies, guards and spectators quietly left the prison. The body was cut down and placed in a coffin that had been awaiting it behind the scaffold.

Mrs. Rogers' body had been claimed by her mother and sister and will be buried by them at Housick Falls, N. Y., where the mother, Mrs. Josie Callahan, resides.

Will Go to New Orleans.

Elizabethtown News: At the meeting of the official board of the Severn Valley Baptist church, of this city, one night last week, Rev. W. H. Brengle announced his resignation, to take effect January 1st, when he goes to New Orleans to accept a call from a church there. Rev. Brengle has been the pastor of this church for more than five years and his labors have been very remarkable, as in that brief period of time he has more than doubled the membership of the church and has put vigor and enthusiasm into every branch of church work. Very naturally the church surrenders him very reluctantly, but the community will feel his departure almost as much as the church; for, while he has been per se the pastor of the Baptist church, he has equally been the pastor of the entire community, answering every call for help and carrying the consolation of the gospel to all in sorrow or distress. In our pure friendship for him, brought about by three months of intimate association in foreign travel, we must confess, that we are selfish enough to wish that he could see his way clear to remain with us. Mrs. Brengle, with her very wonderful voice, has sung her way into the hearts of the community and, coming as a pastor's bride to a strange place, with her lovely Christian life and sweet winsome manners she has gained in a short time a place beside her husband in the affections of the people. The church in New Orleans is to be congratulated in securing Mr. and Mrs. Brengle and we trust that their association for good and their opportunities may be largely extended.

An Emergency Medicine.

For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similar injuries, there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound and not only gives instant relief from pain, but causes the parts to heal in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. Sold by C. J. Hayden.

FREDERICKSTOWN and the BARDSTOWN PIKE.

The ferryboat plan did not carry through, and all decided to wait until a ship would be safe, and then rivers or creeks will not keep our folks from visiting their friends.

Miss Virginia Goodlow, from Danville, is visiting Miss Pearl Connor, and has been highly entertained at our little town. She was going to leave recently, but her friends decided not to let her go, to the great joy of all.

Miss Annie Hamilton, who was the guest of Mrs. Sallie J. Hamilton, has returned home, after a pleasant stay of a few days.

Dr. John Shaunty has decided to move from our town about the first of April next. Dr. Crume, the popular doctor of Springfield, will take his place.

Mr. John Shaunty has decided to continue Dr. John's good work. All are sorry to think that they will lose such a clever physician, and wish him good luck in his new future field.

G. McIntyre and Hamilton and R. L. Cecil, our hustling storekeepers, have received their beautiful Christmas goods, and their display has attracted the children of all around.

Letters to Santa Claus mailed every day have obliged our young postmaster to engage a new clerk.

Miss Louise Hamilton has not been able to return to her studies on account of a slight indisposition.

Miss Mary Hamilton will spend her Christmas holidays with her numerous friends in Louisville. We all hope she will not stay too long.

Mr. Clements, from Owensboro, has been visiting Mrs. Montgomery, his sister, and hated to leave this community, he said, where people know how to make everything so pleasant and comfortable for their visitors.

Much Obligated, Robert.

Marion Falcon: With its issue last week The Springfield Sun celebrated its first birthday anniversary. During its short career that paper has gained much popularity and now stands out as one of the best publications in the State. The good people of Washington county have shown their appreciation by a liberal patronage, of which Editor Geo. feels very proud. Success to you, Rogers.

Put up Stiff Talk.

Louisville Times: "Roaring" Bill Sweeney, until recently a Federal officeholder and a Republican challenger in the Eleventh precinct of the Ninth ward, was put on the stand at the office of Bullitt & Bullitt to give his deposition in the contest cases. After telling his experiences on direct examination he admitted on cross examination that he had told one of the Democratic election officers that if the latter attempted to start anything "there would be trouble." Sweeney said that the officer replied that he believed Sweeney was bluffing.

"I told him," said the witness, "that he would find out otherwise if he chose to call it."

Found Dead By Roadside.

Mr. Tom Walker, a well known character of the Balltown community, was found dead by the roadside a mile or so beyond Balltown Tuesday afternoon. He was in the latter place Sunday afternoon and when he left for home it is said he was under the influence of liquor. — Kentucky Standard.

BROOKSVILLE.

Miss Maymie Merritt, of Williamsburg, spent last Saturday and Sunday with Miss Hester Noel.

Mr. Taylor Ferrell sold a horse last week; price \$110.

Mr. Tom Noel, wife and little daughter, Catherine, of Glen's Creek, spent last Sunday with Mrs. W. M. Sutton.

Miss Olive Sutton spent last Thursday night with Miss Hattie Settles.

Mr. Joe Wycoff, of Mackville, visited at Brooksville Sunday.

Miss Belle Birch is going to entertain her many friends right soon by giving a house party.

Miss Hester Noel spent last Monday night at Williamsburg.

Messrs. Kint Rogers and Austin Cheatham spent last Sunday with Mr. Billie Cheatham.

Mr. Morris Cheatham and wife, of Polin, and Mr. Tom Prather and wife, of Brush Grove, spent last Sunday with Mrs. Sallie Noel.

Mr. Estill Catlett, son of Jailer Catlett, of Springfield, has recently returned from Illinois.

OUR STOCK IN MOST OF THE DEPARTMENTS IS ENTIRELY TOO LARGE FOR THIS DATE AND WE MUST REDUCE VERY CONSIDERABLY BY JANUARY 1.

Greatest Sock Reducing Sale Ever Held in Central Kentucky

A Mammoth Stock of First-Class Merchandise at Slaughtered Prices.



A large line of Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, Suits, Rain Coats and Fur Hats at prices that will Make Them Go, and these are all new and up-to-date garments

One lot of Men's and Boy's Suits at Cost—some of them Less than Cost

Don't Fail to Take Advantage of this Sale

And get some of the best bargains ever offered. We name only a few of the articles and low prices at which we are selling them, as space will not permit a full list.

Apron Gingham - - - 5c

Trion AAA cotton, extra heavy, yd. wide, 6c; sold everywhere for 7-12c

Table oil cloth, per yd. 15c

Capet Warm per pound.....20c
Yard-wide bleached cotton, same count as Hope.....7c
Ready-made Sheets and pillow cases at reduced prices.
Fifteen dozen 10c towels, or less for this sale, each.....50
One lot of towels, each.....4c
Outing Cloth, per yd.....4c and 7c
Flannellettes, per yd.....7c

All woolen dress goods at cut prices.
Comforts and Blankets at bargain prices.

Just Received a Beautiful Line of

X-mas Linens, Hdks Umbrellas, Etc.

Ladies' hemstitched initial handkerchiefs, per box of 1 doz.....75c
Men's
Ladies' unlaundered initial handkerchiefs, all linen, each.....12c
Men's silk hemstitched initial handkerchiefs, each.....50
Men's extra quality, hemstitched, silk initial hdkf, each.....25c
Large stock of ladies' embroidered hdkf, each.....10c to \$1.50
Full line of Men's Holiday Sundries, Neckwear, Etc.
New stock Ladies' Kid Gloves for Holiday Trade.

Our stock is large and we certainly can please you in both quality and price. We invite you to call.

Robertson Bros
PROPS DE SOLE
FOR SLIP SHIRTS & PETTICOATS

CHAPLIN.

The protracted meeting still continues at the Methodist church, and some good practical sermons are being delivered by Rev. Harris.

Miss Willie Poulter, of Bardstown, is still the guest of friends here.

Mr. Stanley Dawson, of Nelson Normal school, has recently spent a week at home.

Miss Ethel McClaskey, of this place, is visiting in Springfield.

Miss Eva Sutherland has been her guests the Misses Bodine, of Maud.

Messrs. Bland and Noel Rush spent Thanksgiving with their parents here.

Mrs. Will. Roby and Miss Carrie

Wright, from near Bloomfield, visited friends here recently.

Mrs. John Davis, accompanied by Miss Davis, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Sally Pulliam.

Miss Florence Daily, of Chicago, now a student in Campbell-Hagerman, was a visitor of Miss Hattie Sullivan.

Rev. Elliot, the state evangelist of the Christian church, will be with us Sunday.

Robert Sutherland was in Sharpville recently.

Capt. Carter B. Harrison, a brother of the late President, Benjamin Harrison, died at his home near Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Public Debate.

On the evening of Friday, December 22, the literary societies of the Springfield Graded School will hold an open session at the opera house. The chief interest will center in the debate, for which the best speakers have been selected to speak on a subject which should be of interest to every thinking member of the county. The question, "Resolved, that independent political action is preferable to party loyalty in accomplishing reforms," will be argued on the affirmative by Messrs. Will. Waters, Lynne Bush, and John McElroy, and on the negative by Leo Simms, Lyman Barber and Robert Mayes. The question is not one of politics, nor will the speeches be partisan. It is a question of principle, and one which is occupying the attention of thinkers to-day more than at any previous time. Music will be furnished by a good orchestra. The judges are Judge L. H. Thurman, Hon. John W. Lewis and Mr. Chas. M. McChord.

Masonic Banquet.

During Christmas week, either December 27 or December 28, the Masons of this place will give a banquet at the Walton Hotel, which promises to be a very enjoyable affair. Hon. Richard Miller, of Richmond, one of the finest young orators of the State, will respond to the toast, "Kentucky." Other speakers will be Rev. W. H. Williams, Prof. G. W. Colvin and Messrs. T. Scott Mayes and W. F. Neikirk. Mr. W. A. Waters will be toastmaster.

Terrible Experience.

Mr. Speed Barnes, formerly of Bardstown, had a terrible experience on a barren desert in far away Nevada on the night of the 21st of November. He, in company with five other men, was caught in a howling blizzard near Goldfield, Nevada, and for a time their sufferings were dreadful. After struggling around for many hours they finally reached shelter, uninjured. Mr. Barnes was driving a stage from Goldfield; his many friends in this section congratulate Mr. Barnes on his escape from so harrowing a difficulty. — Kentucky Standard.

To Our Customers.

We have decided to discontinue delivering meats of any kind after December 18, this rule to continue through the ensuing year. Thanking you for past favors, we respectfully solicit your future patronage.

C. G. MORGAN,
G. F. CARPENTER.

FENWICK.

The fine cold weather of last week caused many a fat hog to swap his pen for the smokehouse.

The young people have all been anxiously waiting for Christmas, which will soon be here and we hope old Santa will come around loaded with presents.

Rev. John Key will preach at the schoolhouse the fourth Sunday night of this month. Everybody invited.

Everett Hall and wife, of Hardin's Creek, visited the family of J. T. Simms Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Mollie and Lucy Clark were the guests of Mrs. Fred Cheatham Sunday. The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hines is quite sick with pneumonia.

Miss Myrt Robertson spent Sunday night with Minnie Barker.

Stanley, the eight-year-old son of Mr. Jim Harmon, is very sick with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. James Begley gave the young folks a dance Saturday night. Those present report a jolly time.

Every minister having a spare Sunday is invited to come to Fenwick and preach, as we need the gospel. Come over into Macedonia and help us.

Miss Lena Barker, of Fenwick, and Oscar Bottoms, of Stewart, were married at the Baptist church, at Mackville, Dec. 6, Rev. R. L. Pardon officiating. Lena is one of Fenwick's most popular young ladies. Mr. Bottoms is a prominent young merchant of Stewart. We extend congratulations.

Mr. Moss, of Springfield, has been in this vicinity visiting tobacco.

Mr. Calvin Stiles, of Illinois, is expected to spend Xmas with friends and relatives at this place.

Three trainmen were killed in a recent freight collision near Roxabel, Ohio.

TRUST COMPANY

Tobacco Factory Dynamited At

Guthrie.—Armed men

Search Cars For

Buyers.

Elkton, Ky., Dec. 12.—This morning about 1:30 o'clock the tobacco factory belonging to Mrs. M. B. Penick was blown to pieces by dynamite. The factory is located near the railroad tracks and was used by the local representative of the American Snuff Company. The force from the explosion caused some damage to houses close by and also to the passenger coaches at the depot. The insurance has been dropped by the insurance company because of the feeling of members of the Dark Tobacco Association against the tobacco trust in this neighborhood.

The representative of the tobacco company at Elkton was ordered not to receive any more tobacco from the "Trust," but he paid no attention to the order.

The Dark Tobacco Growers' Association has severely condemned violence, and counseled its members not to break any law in their fight against the trust.

A factory controlled by the Italian Regie contractors at Trenton, Ky., was set on fire and totally destroyed several nights ago.

Elkton, Ky., Dec. 12.—Last night, as the Elkton and Guthrie train, No. 85, was making the return trip from Guthrie, the train was flagged at Bradshaw's, a small station two miles south of here. When the train was stopped the engineer was instantly covered with revolvers, and it was found that about 150 or 200 masked men were there.

About forty of them went through the coaches with drawn revolvers.

The leader told the passengers not to get excited, as they were only looking for tobacco buyers. Evidently the persons they were looking for were not on the train, as they did not take anybody from the cars. After a thorough search of the coaches the men withdrew and ordered the engineer to proceed.

Death of Mrs. Grigsby

News has been received here of the death of Mrs. Jane Grigsby at Blountsville, Ill. Her death was caused by a complication of disease. Mrs. Grigsby was the wife of James Grigsby, Sr., with whom she went to Illinois fifteen years ago to reside. Prior to that time they lived near Mooreville, where Mr. Grigsby was a prominent citizen, having been at one time a member of the distilling firm of Bush & Grigsby. Mrs. Grigsby was a Miss Graham before her marriage. She leaves a husband and several children. Mr. Fred Grigsby, of this place, is a nephew.

Egg Story.

(Contributed.)

Mr. W. A. Smith is responsible for the following egg story:

Several years ago a lady relative presented him with a setting of turkey eggs, and in conveying them home one of them had a small piece of the shell broken off of it. Knowing the futility of setting an egg in that condition Fonsie resorted to a cure by which he hoped to have a big fat gobbler for his Thanksgiving dinner hatched from this egg. About this time there was a famous remedy, known as Coyle's Salve, being extensively used hereabouts, and Fonsie had a box in his possession. He used a portion of the salve in making the artificial shell where it had been broken, and set the eggs. What was his surprise on going to his chicken house four weeks later to find twelve lively young turkeys. The doctored egg, as we said at first, hatched. They seemed to be exceptionally healthy, and one looked to be stronger than the rest, and this one Mr. Smith thinks was hatched from the before-mentioned egg, and he noticed as they grew and matured, if any of the others looked a little ailing they would nestle closely around this stronger youngster and a magical cure was immediately noticed.

Still Shipping Turkeys.

Lebanon Enterprise: The turkey market continues unusually active, and during the week past large numbers of the fowls have been shipped from this point. One of the local dealers has purchased this week over 1,000 turkeys.

Hides Wanted!

I want all kinds of hides and furs. Bring them to me and get Cash for them. For the next two weeks I will pay

9½c

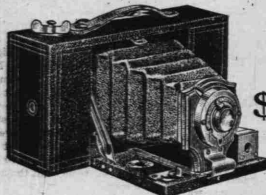
For Green Beef Hides, Or

10½c

For Salted Hides. Bring them to me

M. H. Jones.

No. 2 Folding Brownie



Price,
\$5.00

A wonderfully capable and accurate camera built on the Kodak plan. Good enough to satisfy experienced photographers, yet so simple that children can use it.

PICTURES 2¼ x 3¼ inches.
Loads in daylight with film Cartridges.

Fitted with meniscus lens, and shutter with iris diaphragm stops.

Full description in Kodak Catalog FREE at any photographic dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.



The Best COAL On the Market!

Is to be had right here at my yards. Maybe you think that all coal is alike. Well, it isn't by a jugful.

—TRY A TON—

of ours and you'll know better. You'll find it lasting longer than you expected. That's because it's all good, clean coal, of the grade. If I can sell you one ton now, I'll probably get all of your next winter's trade.

I BUY PRODUCE

M. H. Jones

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

Long distance lines and telephones of this Company enable you to talk almost anywhere in Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. We can put you in quick and satisfactory communication with the people of this great section of the country. We solicit your patronage. Rates reasonable. Equipments and facilities unsurpassed.

JAMES E. CALDWELL,
President & Gen'l Manager.

LELAND HUME,
Sec'y & Asst. Gen'l Mgr.

T. D. WEBB,
Treasurer.

THE ADVENTURERS.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

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CHAPTER I.

IT was in August of the year 188— that I turned the corner, as it were, into the strange history I am now to relate. The Welsh marches had been entirely unknown to me until at a point in an idle tour of the west of England I fell upon the little town of Raymond and brought up at 7 in the evening at the Swan inn, a triangular structure of the irregular shape constituting the market place. The country in that part is full of swelling hills and valleys, soft and exhilarating of air and clothed with a great verdure of wood. The great Gwent, as the forest across the little river Ray is called in the country, rolls westward across the country, broken by tracts of fertile fields lying under grain and pasture, and descends upon the black hills of the mining district beyond. At Raymond, which stands upon the higher side of the river, we are yet in England proper and upon the margin of a more open country. The town itself is small and neat and wears its air of respectable antiquity very handsomely.

The inn, which was itself among the most venerable buildings in the small town, was comfortably served by a very brisk landlord of middle age. It had kept, so to speak, a precarious continuity with antiquity and in the main scheme had changed but little during the 300 years which had passed since its erection.

The hostelry was much too large for its present uses, but for all that there was no air of neglect in the inhabited chambers. My own rooms were marked by cosy comfort, and I was waited upon like a prince of the blood. After a rude and wholesome country dinner I sought distraction in the taproom with my pipe and a heterogeneous company of townfolk. The landlord was in some kind of a president at this symposium, which consisted for the main part of a few of the smaller shopkeepers. There was Mr. Jones, for example, whose name I had noticed upon a sign front as I rode through the High street. This man fixed upon me early in the evening, and poured his confidence into my ear. He was a lay merchant, and he had no dearer ambition than to establish his business in Bristol. He found Raymond too mean for his aspiring temper, and the Mecca of his prayers was Bristol. I confess that I found him something of a bore, and was glad to exchange companionships with another neighbor. The landlord himself kept his seat before the long table, smoking his long pipe with the peace of a man whose business is quiet for the day, and now and then discharging a glance in my direction. He was, I discovered, a traveled man for these parts, and his reputation of a smart fellow. Indeed, he condescended well with the duller rustic who surrounded him. The placid air of the taproom was in some ways little more vertiginous than the solitude of my chamber, but that was soon to pass. Presently there came a great noise, followed by a heavy tramp of feet approaching from the outer bar, and in strutting a tall young fellow, with his hat upon one side, and a jaunty air of one who knows his own worth and despises his neighbors.

"Come in," says the innkeeper, very friendly, but with a certain air of constraint. "Plenty of room, Mr. Montgomery, sir, and a good evening to you."

"Oh, hang your ceremonies," says the newcomer, but with no touch of ill-humor, and give your best attention to our order, Wender! And, clapping his hat more firmly on his head, he ranged himself upon the table.

He drank the glass of whiskey which the barman served and then fell into a seat.

"Who is that?" I asked as soon as Montgomery's eyes had wandered from me.

"He's no better than he should be," my neighbor answered. "For all his grand airs, he's but little better than a pauper. And that's where your good comes to in the end."

The landlord, who was close by me, noting my interrogation with a searching eye, leaned forward and supplemented this disparaging information in a whisper.

"One of the best families in the Gwent, sir," he murmured. "though his estate is no more than a yeoman's now. Days are against property of the border. And, this statement, he drew himself back and addressed a question to Montgomery, with the object, as I conceived, of exhibiting a local celebrity to his guest.

"Anything doing out your way, sir?" he inquired.

The youth turned his eyes upon him in a look of surprise and astonishment, his glass, hammered on the table noisily.

"Why the deuce don't that man of yours come?" he exclaimed. "How have I ridden in ten miles for the sight of a human face and the taste of good Scotch, and— That's right!" He gave his order and, observing Montgomery, again, gave vent to a heavy laugh. "What do you expect to happen in the Gwent?" he asked. "It's as dull as ditch water."

"I don't know so much about that," put in suddenly a man on the other side of the room whom, from his general air, I took to be a miller. "There's a girl that was in service there told my missus, went on the miller. 'We have taken her in. She's left the castle.'"

"What did she say?" asked Wender.

"I don't exactly recall the right of it," the miller confessed with a hasty sense of uneasiness. "I was just at me and, seeing a smile in my eye, burst out laughing. 'But I know it was about a burglary,' said the miller proudly and with courage.

"I'd like to hear about the burglary," said some one.

"The man that keeps the inn there—the what's that inn?" went on the miller.

"The Woodman," answered Montgomery.

"Aye, that's it. He was servant to the castle—the girl said—and he caught them."

"Caught whom?" said Montgomery impatiently.

"He didn't catch them," admitted the miller, "but he frightened them off. They were after the plate that the old gentleman keeps, so the man told me."

"It's a queer old customer," interposed one of the company, seeing, as we all saw, that we should get no further interest out of the miller. Our attention broke up.

"You're right," nodded his vis-a-vis and replaced his pipe in his mouth.

"May I ask what castle you are speaking of?" I ventured to say, addressing the miller.

"For castle, sir," said he civilly.

"It lays in the Gwent, sir, back of the hills," explained the landlord.

"As you talk of this burglary," said Montgomery, breaking in rather rudely.

"Till the first to know what they were going to find in the castle. Every one knows there's nothing to be got there."

Confronted with this unkind innuendo, the miller came to bay. "I don't know anything about it," he declared. "All I know is that this young woman—she says she was wakened up by a noise going on, and then she went to sleep again, putting her head under the blankets, and that the man—she can't bring back his name—he told her next day that the thieves had tried to get in."

"Lump!" sneered Montgomery, who had plainly drunk too much to be an easy companion. "I don't call that much of a tale."

"If it's true, it's true," said the mild looking man.

"Who the devil asked your opinion?" retorted the lad brusquely. The mild man shifted in his chair, but mustered courage to ask if a man might not express his sentiments upon a point of general interest.

"That's true, anyway," assented Montgomery, with a foolish laugh.

"It was clear that he had taken enough to be quarrelsome if the opportunity should rise, and unfortunately he chose to turn his baiting game upon my poor and peevish neighbor.

"Well, Mr. Jones," said he, "and how's that?"

"How's the crops, my young gentleman?" says Jones in his airy fashion.

"Crops," said Montgomery in a bawl, "crops is as they should be—seasonable. He's a fine fellow, and he's also a lay, and he fell into his chair laughing abominably."

I could not say if it was part of an elaborate jest, conceived by a mandarin brain, or whether he had really been taken with an unresponsible fit of anger, but, when he said he was not going to fill up his glass forward between his fingers, and the merchants flew out and scattered the hay meadow's floor.

"Gentlemen!" cried the landlord, in some alarm.

Montgomery stood, his red face somewhat vacant and grinning broadly, while his sallow faced victim, who had got upon his feet, gesticulated and stammered under his nose with a show of passion. He was not quite English, and at that moment, when it seemed as if some retaliation was to be expected and a fracas precipitated, an impulse took me, and I myself later-

vened.

"I think, sir," said I, addressing Montgomery, "you will admit that you have used this worthy gentleman very ill, and if I were you, sir, with your youth and spirit at my back, I would ask his pardon at once."

On that he stared at me for some seconds, and then, plumping the empty glass on the table, he broke into a sheepish laugh.

"All right," he said, "very sorry. I beg his pardon," and uttering some indistinct apologies he resumed his seat, sitting somewhat silent for a good time afterward.

But that my introduction to the lad, an introduction none too favorable, of which he began at once to make use, for he crept close to me, moving from chair to chair, when a chance served him, and, being emboldened by the liquor he had drunk, struck up a lively conversation with me. In the end he was exceedingly merry, and was shaking me heartily by the hand, and invited me to drive out to his farm in the morning.

It was yet early, but the taproom had lost its humors for me, and I was for bed. In my room I spent an agreeable hour, lightly considering my guide-books and determining a date for my return to town. Upon the map I made out a site of Ivor castle, of which there had been talk, also of Montgomery's farm, which he had described to me. They both lay in the Gwent, and that great reach of forest in the marches is called.

CHAPTER II.

RAIN had fallen in the night, and a sweet savor of earth commingled with the summer air when I opened my door and looked forth upon the courtyard.

The landlord gently deprecated the events of the previous evening, offering as it might be to a fastidious guest, an apology for a headstrong young scapegrace.

"They're not like us of the eastern counties, sir," says he. "They're a bit Welsh hereabout. It's a contamination, to my way of thinking. But, there, all sorts of blood go to make a nation, and that's the truth."

But he volunteered a few additional particulars about Montgomery.

"Not a bad sort, sir, at heart, but he's running to seed here. He's taken a main fancy to you. That I could say at a look. But it's a poor prospect for him, with land dwindling away to nothing, and Llanthony is a shabby house for a young gentleman as he should be."

Llanthony, it appears, was the name of Montgomery's paternal estate in the Gwent. And, in fact, it was for this great that I was bound this morning. The prospect of those rolling hills attracted me with some force. I had an appetite for the wilderness of that back country, unscarred, as I learned, by the track of any railway. It was in a way virgin, at the least a property private from the world. As I struck across the Ray and directed my horse toward the long red slope of the ascent I looked back upon the little town and discovered it wrapped in mountain humors.

Llanthony, according to my host, lay at the back of the first hill, some four miles from Raymond, but as the estate was not my particular aim, and, if it had been, I had no one to guide me, I roamed indolently through byways over a circuit of the upper Gwent and finally drew up in the village of Llanellan about the hour of lunch. This village lay a mile or so from the more open districts of the Gwent and within the privacy borders of the great forest itself. It would have been easy to throw the reins upon the horse's neck and to wander, lost in the abysms of that wilderness, for the villages were scattered at a great distance and the habitations of the settlers were at long intervals. It was somewhere about 5 in the afternoon, and as I rode down into a space valley a few miles from Llanellan, that the monotony of this desultory journey was broken by an event of some moment.

A pretty brook rippled through the wood and was crossed upon a rude bridge. As it chanced, my horse fell suddenly lame, and I had dismounted to examine the farther edge of the stream to examine his hoof when I heard sounds as of a struggle in the close brake by my left, and upon that a shrill shout as one crying for assistance. Leaving the day without further ado, for he was of mild temper, I jumped into the copse and ran toward the noise, shouting as I went to encourage the wayfarer who was calling for aid.

The cries had already ceased, but a crackling and brushing in the undergrowth still directed me, and, hurrying through the ferns and briars, I came out very suddenly upon the verge of the little brook and almost fell over the form of a man who lay doubled upon the earth. As I stumbled and shifted to regain my balance I had a glimpse of a lithe, lean bodied fellow vanishing precipitately into the copse. But, as I was the victim that I must first turn my mind rather than to any fugitive assailant. He was a man, as I guessed, of some thirty years or more, very bald of the head and under the middle stature. Across his white and shining forehead was a streak of blood, which drew from me an exclamation as I helped him to his feet.

"It is not mine," said he, with a complacent smile. "I got better prepared than my head would suggest."

"No bones broken?" I inquired.

He shook his head, leaning upon my arm and breathing painfully.

"A bruise or two, and a wind in my belly—no more. I was a fool to have forgotten my pistol."

The words recalled me to the thought of the runaway, to whom I attributed this scurry trick upon an old gentleman.

"What was the cause?" I asked. "Some highway thief?"

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W. E. Leachman.

"Hardly that," he remarked thoughtfully, and pulling forth an ancient snuffbox with deliberation. "No, I could scarcely describe him as that."

I made a motion to withdraw, recollecting hastily that it was my duty to ascertain some tidings of the ruffian, but the old gentleman's shrewd attention put his hand upon my shoulder.

"I would not worry," said he suavely. "It is of small consequence as it happens. Now, had you come up a moment ago—"



I had a glimpse of a little, lone bodied fellow.

ment later," he continued, regarding me with a faint smile. "I could hardly have put a limit on this business, but as it is—"

"Surely," I broke in shortly, "you will have the brute arrested if you can recognize him again?"

"Recognize him?" murmured the old gentleman, smiling gently and with an air of consideration from his fingers. "Yes, I dare say I should know him, but I am sure you will allow me to manage this affair myself, as you have stood the racket, you know, though I heartily acknowledge you have acquired a certain claim to attention. It is very good of you," he said politely, and then, "Yes, I think I should know him again—if we meet—"

which is of course extremely improbable," he concluded, with a twinkle in his eyes.

The self-possession of this old fellow, with his air of imperturbable calm, puzzled me hugely and in a manner was very disconcerting. He had taken the outrage, which had evidently been committed upon his person, with such mildness, even with amiability. I could scarce credit my senses to see him discoursing there, with his snuff between his fingers, so pleasantly and broadly, of the event. He seemed quite untroubled, though his body still pained with the efforts of his struggle.

"Is your watch safe? I suppose it was robbery?" I said, feeling somehow rather mean and cast down by the unexpected situation.

"Thank you, quite safe," he replied, without troubling to ascertain. "Yes, it was safe. Certainly I must suppose it to have been robbery—yes, robbery, no doubt."

His air was so abstracted that I took leave to doubt his sanity; but, after all, it was no business of mine if he was foolishly disposed to mercy, and one needs but little imagination to conceive of a dozen good reasons for an assault save the plain motive of theft. He turned to me presently as I was upon the point of withdrawing.

"I am at a loss to know," said he, laboring over his words and speaking very deliberately, "what devil of folly pursues men that they will hazard all on a piece of carelessness, a wanton whim or just mere indifference or idleness. I cannot say—"

He paused as we emerged upon the road. "This must be your horse, then, a good, serviceable animal, that would have warned my heart thirty years since. I cannot say," he resumed, clutching gently at my arm, "that my adventure today was due to any other cause than that of mere carelessness." He paused again, surveying my horse with apparent interest. "In the first place, I should not have been so far from home; secondly, I should not have been without my revolver; thirdly, I should have used my stick harder when I got home, a concurrence of negligences which made my fate almost a certainty but for your arrival," he added as a polite afterthought, squeezing my arm.

I confess that I was utterly at a loss what to make of him and was loath to interpret him for a mild lunatic, but we proceeded along the roadway, I with the bridle of my horse over my arm. He still clung to me, discoursing quietly in a melodious voice upon his views of life and the philosophy we should derive from it, while I listened, for the most part, in silence. But after walking for a quarter of an hour, the latter part of which time was spent in a somewhat laborious ascent, we came out upon the summit of a hill, and in the splendid view of summer and autumn and what seemed in the distance to be the ruins of a castle. Here the old gentleman came to a halt, ceasing simultaneously of his chatter, and looked toward the building.

"I am fully conscious, Mr.—I don't think I caught your name, Mr.—"

"Grestorex," I told him as a polite

"Thank you," said he. "I am fully conscious, Mr. Grestorex, that I am under a deep obligation to you for your great service this afternoon. Grestorex? There are, if I remember aright, Grestorexes in Hampshire."

I explained that we were cadets of that family. He bowed his acknowledgments of my explanation and proceeded.

"Hospitality tells me that I can do no less than offer you the opportunity of refreshment for yourself or"—his eyes dwelt abstractedly upon my horse—

"for your animal. But I am reluctant to press the offer upon you, seeing that it is very probable you have ridden far," he was observing, as Jupp's flanks—"and are still far from your destination."

His eyes interrogated me, but with no rude curiosity, rather as if they fired a remark which I might consider a question or not, as I chose. I answered frankly:

"I am staying at the Swan, in Raymond, and to say truly"—I laughed—"I am not quite sure how far I am from the town or in what direction it lies."

"In that case," he said urbanely, but with a sense of satisfaction, as I imagined, "my reluctance vanishes. You are some seven miles from Raymond, and my horse is here."

Without more ado we resumed our walk and, entering an avenue of limes, came next upon an iron gateway set in a high brick wall. It was of very ancient workmanship, but as nothing to the house itself, which came directly into full view as soon as we had passed the entrance. It lay some 300 yards back, approached through a patch of park ground with grass and interspersed with noble trees. My first impression had not been wrong. It was nothing less than the ruins of a small castle, one of those fortresses reared by the border barons against the invasions of Welsh barbarians in the Plantagenet times. As we drew near my gaze descended the building and took in many points of interest. It was quite small, but, saving for one wing, in perfect integrity. From the huge masonry of the drum towers down to the moat and portcullis all was as it had been in the days may be of Hugh Lupus. The wing of the quadrangle to our left was dismantled and lay strewn with huge stones in precarious ruin. A hundred yards or so upon the other side, however, gleamed the red roof and heavy thatch of a farm building, and a small stack or tower in the neighborhood proved that the fortress kept its ancient lines no longer.

"You will see that I am able to resist a siege," said my host, with a whimsical smile, as we crossed the drawbridge, adding, with what seemed to me a comical irony and looking down at the bridge, "I fear, though, we should find some trouble with the hinges."

We passed through the arch of masonry and into the courtyard within, where the old gentleman speedily summoned his horse and, mounting, turned to my horse. And here again I noticed that further appearances testified to the use of the castle as a farm. From a scrutiny of the architecture I was aroused by my host, who, pausing as he pushed open a huge oak door, turned to me suddenly.

"I am certain," he remarked, Mr. Grestorex, "he exclaimed with a gesture of apology. "You have not yet the style of your grateful host. My name is—"

"This is generally known as Ivor castle." All this was conceived in the most formal and eccentric temper, and doubtless had it not been for the strange interest of his habit and conduct I might not have consented so meekly to be his guest, for it was now time for my homeward journey. However, I must, it appeared, sit and drink with him a glass of sherry in his library, a large and ancient room with a very fine display of oaken shelves and paneling.

A little later I excused myself, and rose for departure. For a minute or two he appeared to have fallen into abstraction, and then, glancing at me quickly, he regarded me with a steadfast, inquiring gaze.

"Mr. Grestorex," said he, "you are a young man. I begin to think that we should find much in common. You will permit the question? Are you married?"

I assured him that I was not. He nodded, as if this were satisfactory news. "Nor am I," he answered, "but very probably for another reason. I cannot expect you to take part in my philosophy, but I am reminded that you have seen nothing of a house which is of some historical interest, and which I should esteem myself happy to show you. It is necessary that you should return to your Swan this evening?"

The invitation in the query took me aback, for, eccentric as my host undoubtedly was, I had not anticipated this proffer of hospitality. Yet there was certainly no pressing reason for my return, and here, at least, I should have more congenial company than in my miscellaneous taproom. I replied something to the effect of this thought.

"Good!" said he, brightening a little. "You are kind to cheer a solitary. I can even promise you a bottle of champagne if you are young enough. If you will allow me I will call my housekeeper." He rose and went to the bell, but, pausing with his hand upon the rope, looked at me gravely.

"I should be doing you wrong, Mr. Grestorex," he said, "if I were not to let you know that by coming to be my guest tonight you are conferring upon me a great favor. You place me under a particular obligation."

I told him, laughing, that the obligation was mine.

"No," said he. "I fear that my meaning is not plain. Let me say this—I do not expect you to take part in my philosophy, but I am reminded that you have seen nothing of a house which is of some historical interest, and which I should esteem myself happy to show you. It is necessary that you should return to your Swan this evening?"

I bowed politely and offered some conventional reply, though this deep air of mystery puzzled me.

"Yet you are a strong man, Mr. Grestorex," he continued, surveying me seriously. "I must tell you that I have no one sleeping in my house save my housekeeper and a maid. The man you saw, who took your horse, sleeps in a cottage at Llanellan."

"It was unfortunate enough to lose my valet a month ago and he has been unable to fill his place."

I began to understand. He was in some fear of his lonely condition. Possibly he dreaded an attack by his late

assailant. Suddenly, too, ran into my memory the scene in the taproom on the previous night, the miller and his long pipe and his story. There was some tale that should have been exciting about a burglar, and here I was in Ivor castle.

"I am sure," he said, "that you are thinking of that account—"

"The police, Mr. Grestorex, are seven miles from Ivor castle. But pray do not misunderstand me. I shall be infinitely obliged by your company. It's long since I had an intelligent conversation. But I would not detain you if you had any scruples about staying."

I laughed. "Not I!" said I. "I will stay as long as I like. And in truth I must say, for the adventure interested me not a little. Was it long?"

It was in the dining room that we spent the evening. This was a long, low, roomed chamber occupying the ground floor and opening with windows upon the cobbles courtyard on the one side and the meadows of the park on the other. It was a great chamber to contain but two people, but some how the black oak of the walls and the general air of the upholstery prohibited the thought of discomfort. These walls were not vacant, nor this space, but tenanted, if one considered duly, by a concourse of illustrious faces and high stepping ghosts. Upon this point, as it happened, I was not long left in curiosity, for Mr. Kesteven was in the mood to confute the history of the castle to me. He was a queer creature, parading as it seemed to me, of the most diverse and incongruous emotions. Constantly and well set me wondering upon his statements, striving to pick some order in their apparent confusion. One moment quite a savoring pride rang in his pompous annunciation of the titles of some great noble, while the next I was driven to suppose by very clear signs that he displayed nothing but a pitiful contempt toward the whole prejudice of race and family. The man struck me as wearing a mask, and that a mask of some severity and primness as to offer few secrets to his company. And even at his moments of most spacious frankness I was never able to determine the depth of his gentleness.

He fettered me out some views, giving me a generous choice, but himself drinking but sparingly. "No, thank you, I have never smoked," said he in reply to my offer of a cigar. "Will you not smoke yourself, Mr. Grestorex? And pray try that port. I understand it to be of a particular year." He insisted gently upon helping me from the decanter and then dropped softly into his chair.

Suddenly he rose and going to a window threw it open and leaned forth. I heard somewhere from the deep recesses of the old house a clock striking the hour of 1. Mr. Kesteven closed the casement and turned to me.

"I fear, Mr. Grestorex," he said, with a smile, "that I have fettered you here under false pretenses, but at least you have saved an old man from his own company, which is, after all, somewhat dull fellowship."

"No," said I, echoing his smile. "I have been myself preserved from the hard chair of a winter crowded taproom and the quarrelsome attentions of half drunken farmers."

"Glad, come," said he genially. "You must not give the Swan a villainous reputation."

"Oh, it was not I," I answered lightly, keeping up the triviality, "but a young gentleman of the Great West."

Mr. Kesteven ceased to smile. "May I ask his name?" he asked.

"Montgomery, I believe, but I understand we are sworn friends now, so that no harm is done."

"Montgomery," he repeated slowly.

"Yes, I have heard the name—a very young and thoughtless man," and he regarded me with a certain reflective look.

But it was not of Montgomery I thought when I went to bed, but of the window and the silence of the night, with the moonlight striking on Kesteven's head. Why had he thrown open the casement and discharged me, so to say, from my obligation as policeman? For that was how I interpreted his words.



He threw open the window and leaned forth.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE breakfast I had the opportunity to make a narrower inspection of the castle as it appeared from without. The morning was fine, the air of those hills delicate and stimulating, and the sunlight struck the woods and valleys with a golden glory. Smoking a cigarette, I strolled round the edifice, surveying with admiring eyes the details of the design. The entrance by the portcullis lay between two solid drum towers, very formidable to look on. The battlements, which were extremely plain and by no means perfect, the machicolations being worn into great chasms here and there, stood two stories away from the base of the castle, and three if the bottom of the most be counted. Upon the one side of the irregular square which the buildings made the stonework, as I have said, had fallen into disrepair, and, indeed, no rooms were habitable here. The detritus of centuries had flowed over into the courtyard, and the stones were heaped in a solid accumulation and overgrown with masses of huge Irish ivy. The western face of the castle was, so to speak, but a hill of rock. It was at the junction of the southern and western walls that the keep stood, itself fringed some twenty feet above the level of the battlements and the termination of the habitable portion of the fortress. The moat, which was some ten feet deep, was grown upon with grass, and its sides were covered with blackberry and furze and divers wild creepers. Completing my circuit of the castle, I struck upon a stream which ran so a full body through the park and, reaching the verge of the woodland, leaped suddenly into a torrent and scattered into a waterfall down the steep face of the hill. While I was wandering upon the margin, watching the tide and swirl of the tiny eddies with lazy satisfaction, I encountered my host, who greeted me courteously.

"You are admiring my little brook,"

Continued on 16th page.

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THE SENATORIAL FIGHT.

The article on the sixth page of this issue, headed "A Warning to Democrats," and reproduced from the Kentucky State Journal, does not express the views of the Editor of The Sun; it is printed as "political matter" at the suggestion of Judge Paynter's friends. Read it and draw your own conclusion.

During the past few months there has been much improvement in the news department of the Louisville Evening Post. In fact the Post is an excellent newspaper. But politically it's mighty bad and is a-gettin' wiser.

Had the editor of The Sun been the Governor of Vermont for a few minutes on last Friday morning Mrs. Mary Rogers would not have been hanged. Certainly we would have saved that commonwealth from such a disgrace. We would have prevented the name of the State being stained with a crimson which the time of ages can not remove. The sickening story of this episode will stand out as a black page upon the history of Vermont for decades, for centuries. The crime for which she was hanged will be forgotten, but the tragedy enacted in the jail yard at Windsor on last Friday morning will be heard with horror by children yet unborn, and a sickening story will be linked with the name of Governor Bell, of Vermont.

There are few men who would refuse the honor of being elected Governor of a State. Because it places them in position to "appear big"—very frequently much bigger than they could be made by a thousand years of tutoring. But if we had to be elected Governor of a State by the votes of men who favor the hanging of a woman we would refuse the "honor," and go down into Texas and try to persuade the cowboys to elect us magistrate, and if such an election could be brought about we would honestly feel more highly honored in being permitted to serve a cowboy constituency in a magisterial district than we would have been had we been chosen to represent a State as Governor, elected by a couple of hundred thousand voters who believed it "right" to hang a weak woman. If there are

twelve men in Kentucky mean enough to sign their names to a verdict condemning a woman to death they ought to be forced to leave the State and to locate in Vermont, where they could have the assurance of the co-operation of the Governor of the State in their dastardly work. It's a terrible thing to hang a man, but a woman! My God, is it not a sin in the category of unpardonable sins?

In our mind the hanging of Mrs. Rogers is one of the most grewsome tragedies that has been enacted in this country for many a day. It's a long step backward—a plunge toward the Dark Ages. Oh, churches, call in your missionaries and bid them work among our own people.

Personal Notes.

Visitors in and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Last Friday night Miss Annie McChord entertained at dinner in honor of her visitor, Miss Annie D. Grundy, of Louisville. Those who attended were Misses Lydia Duncan, Fannie McElroy, Annie D. Grundy, Viola Brown, Annie Hayes, Lizzie Waters, Lydia McElroy and Bettie Irvine and Messrs. McClay, Geo. Wharton, Harry Reed, Chas. Green, Stith Thompson, Geo. Neikirk, Mack Grundy, Marshall Duncan and Rev. W. H. Williams.

—Miss Annie D. Grundy, of Louisville, is the guest of Miss Annie McChord.

—Miss Annie McChord has returned from Louisville, where she visited Miss Annie D. Grundy.

—G. D. Duncan, who is in Louisville Friday.

—Last Friday W. D. Claybrooke went to Louisville to defend Dr. Sam Crume. The trial, however, was continued to January 24.

—Hon. C. C. McChord and Mrs. McChord returned home from Louisville and Frankfort last Thursday.

—Mrs. Theo. Campbell has returned after a visit to Louisville.

—Mrs. W. E. Sealeman and daughter, Miss Lucie, returned Friday after a two weeks visit at the home of Mrs. Horace Booker in Little Rock, Ark.

—Mrs. Lewis visited her sister, Mrs. Avritt, in Louisville last week.

—Mr. Robt. Sutton, who was confined to the hospital in Lebanon because of his injuries sustained Thanksgiving, has recovered sufficiently to return to his apartments at the Walton Hotel.

—Chas. M. McChord is in the hospital in Lebanon, where he is being treated by Dr. McChord.

—H. P. McChord was in town last week.

—Miss Myrtle Inman has returned to her home, near Gravel Switch, after a pleasant visit to Miss Nannie Young.

—Miss Elizabeth Waters and Mr. J. C. Green spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Browne, of Lebanon.

—Messrs. W. D. Claybrooke and C. W. Hagan were in Lebanon Sunday.

—Misses Slack, of Owensboro, and Spalding, of Lebanon, visited Miss Bertha Haydon last week.

—Mrs. Lucien Gregory and Miss Lizzie May Gregory, of Beechland, were in town Monday.

—Mr. Gwin Marks spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Miss Mary Buchman spent Sunday in Bloomfield.

—Miss Louise Seary visited friends in Louisville Sunday.

—Miss Catherine Spalding and guest, of Lebanon, visited friends in Springfield Sunday.

—Miss Willa Knott spent several days in Louisville last week.

—Mrs. E. L. Davison has returned home after a visit to friends in Indianapolis.

—Mrs. A. R. Shultz was in Lebanon last week.

—Miss Anna Jay Simms spent Saturday with her parents.

—Mr. and Mrs. Felix Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clements, of Lebanon, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Clements.

—Mr. C. C. McGill, of Lebanon, spent several days here last week.

—Miss Margaret Shyder is visiting in Louisville this week.

—Messrs. H. L. and Will. Fowler were in Lebanon Sunday.

—Miss Margaret Litsey is in Lebanon this week.

—Miss Gertrude Stoker is the guest of Miss Myrtle Price this week.

—Mr. J. S. Yankey has returned home from a business trip to Missouri.

—Messrs. Robert Bland and Logan Bosley, of Lebanon, were here Sunday.

—Dr. M. W. Hyatt was in Louisville last week.

—Mr. Neale Boblitt, of Louisville, is at home this week.

—Miss Bessie Rogers, of Lebanon, was in Springfield one day last week.

—Dr. Ernest Crume was in Fredericktown Friday.

—Mr. W. F. Grigsby and wife were called to Fairfield last week by the illness of Mr. Grigsby's mother, Mrs. William Grigsby, who is not expected to live.

—Messrs. George Neikirk and Leslie Adams were in Perryville Sunday.

—Rev. Father Pieters, of Fredericktown, visited Father Hennessey Sunday.

—Miss Annie McChord visited her brother at the Elizabeth Infirmary Sunday.

—Those who attended the play at St. Mary's College last Friday were: Misses Sarah Simms, Margaret Spalding, Mary Haydon, and Messrs. Spalding, Clements, Arthur McGill and John Kelly.

—Mr. H. L. Fowler was at Mooreville and Fredericktown on business several days last week.

—Sweeney Hagan who has been confined to his room for a week, by sickness, is able to be out.

—Judge Thurman spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

—Hon. Richard Miller, of Richmond, Ky., will respond to the toast, "Kentucky," at the Masonic banquet Christmas. Mr. Miller is one of the most accomplished and polished orators in the State, and is a candidate for Speaker of the next House. While here he will be the guest of Hon. W. D. Claybrooke.

—Mrs. G. C. Wharton is in Louisville this week.

—Miss Florence Hamilton, of Fredericktown, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. L. Barber, this week.

—Miss Bellbaum has returned home after a visit to her brother at this place.

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Doll, dudies and dandies, from 5c to \$1. Chairs, big, little and small. Cradles, Gocarts, Wagons, Sleighs, Automobiles, Trunks, China Sets, and Vases, Pictures and Picture Books, Madalions, Turkey Banks, Toy Pistols, Autograph Albums, Games, Roman Candles, Sky Rockets, Squibs, Etc. Indeed

Santa Claus

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P. J. THOMAS.

—Miss Allethaire Medley was in Louisville Monday.

—Miss Elizabeth Leachman returned home after a visit to friends in Lebanon.

—Mrs. J. B. Hill was in Springfield Monday.

—Mrs. J. W. Reidel and children returned home after a visit to her mother in Louisville.

—Mr. Ben Simms was in Louisville this week.

—Miss Louise Wathen, who attends school at St. Catherine's, was in Springfield Monday.

—Mr. Kael Foster spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Dr. George Shaunty, of Louisville, was in town the first of the week shaking hands with friends.

—Dr. John Shaunty, of Fredericktown, was in town Saturday.

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Gorgeous Hand-Painted

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Fruit Dishes	Jewel Boxes	Mocha Pots
Salad Bowls	Whip Cream Bowls	Berry Sets
Fancy Plates	Hair Receivers	Comb & Brush Trays
Nut Bowls	Bon-Bon Boxes	Tankards
Celery Trays	Chop Plates	Candle Sticks
Vases	Lamps	Almond Trays
Tea Pots	Dinner Sets	Bisque Figures
Sugar & Cream Sets	Tea Sets	Chocolate Cups
Dresser Trays	Cups and Saucers	Cuspidors
Cake Plates	Medallions	Shaving Mugs
Sugar Shakes	Tobacco Jars	Ice Cream Service
Syrup Stands	Roll Trays	Bon-Bon Dishes
Mint Trays	Chocolate Sets	Bisque Novelties
Cracker Jars	A. D. Coffee Cups	Pitchers
Olive Baskets	Card Trays	Steins
Service Bowls	B. & B. Plates	Toilet Sets
Jardinières	Water Sets	CLUT-GLASS

Hagan Bros.

"Gilt Edge"

We are sole agents
For

**"GILT
EDGE"**

Canned Goods.

We take pleasure in
showing you our goods
Your visits appreciated.

The Best

Local News Notes.

Fresh celery received daily. C. W. Hagan.

Mr. T. J. Trent, Jr., has sold 134 acres of his farm, near Pleasant Grove, for \$55 per acre and a bonus of \$500. Mr. J. W. Wall was the purchaser.

FOR RENT.—Dwelling house with seven rooms on Main street in Springfield. Apply to C. T. Logsdon. p13

STRAY CALF.—A red, or roan, calf strayed from my place about two weeks ago. Information appreciated.

IRVING MANN,
Booker, Ky.

Read the advertisements in The Sun before going to the stores to do your Christmas shopping.

AN ESTRAY.—On last Monday I took up as an estray a short-horn bull, off the Bloomfield pike, at Steve Wheatley's. Owner may have same by paying for this notice and his keep.

J. D. Mudd.

Nice casing, for stuffing fresh sausage, can be found at G. F. Carpenter's.

Mr. Nathaniel Bricken and Miss Mayme Neale will be married at the Walton Hotel, in Springfield, Dec. 27, at 4 o'clock p. m.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—Clerk Booker, last Wednesday, issued a marriage license to Mr. Edward Emmett, Settles and Miss Catherine Bobbitt.

Fireworks, fruits and nuts of all kinds at C. W. Hagan's.

DEATH OF INFANT.—Monday night Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Barber, Jr., lost their four-month-old child. The baby had been sick from the time of its birth and death really came as a relief.

I have accepted a position with C. W. Hagan and will be glad to have my friends call and see me.

WILL F. SIMMS.

NEW GROCERY FIRM.—Last week Mr. John C. Shader, who has been in the grocery business at this place for some years, sold his grocery to Messrs. J. J. McCabe and Will Johnson. The business will be conducted by Mr. Johnson who has had quite a good deal of experience along this line. Mr. Shader will probably go on the road again, as he has received offers from several well known firms.

Mr. W. Hayes, who is quite well known to Springfield people, having been here a number of times as the advance agent of theatrical troupes, will locate here and will conduct a branch house of The Comanche Indian Remedy Co., the main house being located at Detroit, Mich. Mr. Hayes also informs The Sun that on 24th of January he will be married, and that he is going to make his home in Springfield, the best town on earth. He would not, just at this time, divulge the name of his intended bride, but promised to give The Sun notice in due time.

Last Monday about noon the home of Mr. Joe Bosley at Lebanon was almost totally destroyed by fire. Mr. Bosley was long a resident of Springfield and his many friends here will be grieved to hear of his loss.

JOB PRINTING.—During the past ten days The Sun has been overrun with job work. We have printed two pamphlets, besides quite a large number of other jobs, but we have put forth every effort in order to keep The Sun from being the marks of neglect, and if our subscribers discover any defects we trust they will pardon us this time.

Mr. Herman H. Purdon, son of Rev. R. L. Purdon, of Texas, has accepted a position with the First National Bank. Mr. Purdon is a young man of sterling qualities, and The Sun predicts that he will develop into an excellent banker. He will be glad to have his friends call on him.

No town in the State surpasses Springfield in the way of business. This is due to the business capacity and courtesy of the businessmen and to the stock of goods which they keep on hand. The enterprise of our merchants is especially noticeable at Christmas time, when the dry goods stores and groceries are crowded with goods of every description, and designed to satisfy the demands of every class of purchasers. At present the windows along Main street are decorated so tastefully and with such handsome goods that one might well think when passing that he was enjoying the sight of city displays. Purchasers will find it unnecessary to go to the city to buy their jewelry, toys, cut glass, fancy work, etc., this Xmas.

NOTICE.—I will offer for sale, at the court-house door in Springfield, at public auction, two County District Bonds, Nos. 8 and 23, at about 1 o'clock p. m., December 23, 1905, that being County Court day. Terms made known on day of sale.

C. M. BRENGLE,
Executor of Jas. B. Ensor.

Boys, Boys, Boys!

Boys, this is not sun time nor railroad time, but Xmas time. This is the time to repay your lady friends for the many kindnesses shown you. Nothing reaches the heart of a lady like a nice box of candy or a nice basket of fruits. Remember that never before was there such a line of goods in this town as I have, and they are in the reach of all. Call and see for yourself; it costs you nothing and it is a pleasure for me.

C. W. HAGAN.

For ten days only I will sell A. No. 1 Coffee, a regular 20c coffee, for 15c. Now is the time to buy. Remember, for 10 days only.

C. W. HAGAN.

JACK McCHORD WINS.—Jack McChord, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McChord, of this place, distinguished himself last Friday night by winning the declamatory contest at Central University, where he is a student. Jack represented the Demologian Literary Society, and his victory was especially praiseworthy, as two of his opponents were seniors, two juniors and one a law student, whereas Jack is only a freshman. By winning this he will represent Central University in the Kentucky inter-collegiate contest to be held in Lexington in the spring. The declamation which won was entitled "The Rum Maniac." This is not only an honor for young McChord, but for the Springfield Graded School, where he got his preliminary education and his training in declaiming. The latter branch is one of the courses of the school and is being very thoroughly conducted by Professor Colvin and his assistants.

Sausage casing, for stuffing sausage, at G. F. Carpenter's.

Send me your produce; best market price paid at all times; cash if preferred.

C. W. HAGAN.

WON THE CASE.—Hon. John W. Lewis returned last night from Cincinnati where he and Col. McPherson, of Louisville, appeared before the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals on behalf of Green County in the case of Quinan's administratrix versus Green county, and in which they were successful. Judge Durrelle and Mr. Traub, of Louisville, represented the appellants.

Cut price in all can goods for the next 15 days.

C. W. HAGAN.

Are you going to stuff fresh sausage? You can get the casing at Carpenter's.

Promoted.

Lebanon Enterprise: Mr. W. M. Ragdale, formerly a resident of this city, but who has for quite a number of years been a clerk in the Pension Department in Washington, has been promoted from a \$1400 position to one in the same department paying \$1800 per annum. Charles M. Gilpin, of Taylor county, also an employee of the Pension Department, will hereafter receive \$1400 per annum instead of \$1300.

Suit Against Distillers.

Lebanon Enterprise: J. F. Hawn, Revenue Agent for the State at Large, last Friday instituted suits in the name of the Commonwealth against the distillers in this county, for state and county taxes claimed to be due for the years of 1899 to 1905 inclusive. The plaintiff does not claim that the distillers have not paid taxes, but he alleges that they have not paid on the full amount of whisky they had in their possession during the years stated, subject to taxation for state and county purposes.

Commissioner's Notice.

T. Scott Mayes, Admr. &c., Plff., vs. Nannie McAuliff, Deft.

All persons having claims against the estate of John McAuliff, deceased, will present them before me properly proven as required at my office in Springfield, Ky., between the first day of December, 1905, and the 15th day of February, 1906.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.
November 28, 1905.

Farm For Rent For Cash.

At Fredericktown, Ky., of about 110 acres river and creek bottom land; 50 acres in corn and tobacco, 30 acres in timothy, balance oats and grass. Two tenant houses, stock barns and new tobacco barn for 7 acres. Apply to

J. R. CONNOR,
Fredericktown, Ky.

Huge Task.

It was a huge task, to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease, as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone, I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache, and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure, and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by C. J. Haydon druggist; price 60c."

X-MAS

AT McELROY'S!
BRING THE CHILDREN!

The Place to Buy Your Christmas Gifts.

The Largest and most varied line to Select From—

In Our China Department

We have some beautiful presents, ranging in prices from 15c to \$10, consisting of:

Pin Trays,	Hair Receivers,	Jewel Stands,
B. & B. Plates,	Dinner Plates,	Qat Sauces,
Cake Plates,	Salad Bowls,	Bon-Bon Trays,
C. & B. Trays,	Celery Trays,	Sugar and Cream Sets,
	Vases, Etc., Etc.	

In Our Toy Department

We have a fine display. Prices, 5c to \$3. Consisting of—

Steam Engines,	Fire Engines,	Hook and Ladder Wagons,
Locomotives,	Magic Lanterns,	Mechanical toys of all kinds,
Cooking Stoves,	Dolls,	Doll Furniture,
Dinner Sets,	Pianos,	Trunks, Books,
Banks,	Blocks, Etc., Etc.	

SANTA CLAUS SUPPLIES.

We always have the choicest line of—

Fruits,	Nuts,	Candies;
Celery,	and Cranberries,	
Seaship Oysters.		

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.
Call to see us before buying. We are always glad to show you our lines.

McELROY BROS.

The ADVENTURERS

The Adventurers

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

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he said, "Yes, it is pretty, but prettier in the eyes below, where I think you must have observed it yesterday. Here it runs very gracefully; below it is a noisy rapid. You see it has uses here."

"You draw your water here?" I asked, fascinated with the primitive idea.

"Not usually," he replied, "but there is a well within the castle, doubtless from the same springs. Yet the brook rendered a more important service in my predecessors' times."

I looked at him inquiringly. He smiled.

"Let me see," he resumed, "if I can give you a clear proof. It should be here." He stopped and, dipping his stick into the water, poured some of the pebbles of the stream. "Ah, here it is! I think I have it!" He looked toward the castle, above the battlements of which a human figure was visible. "There is a connection with the moat by means of a conduit," explained Mr. Kesteven.

I uttered an exclamation of delight and vowed that I must explore farther. Assenting graciously, he led the way toward the house and, letting himself gently down the sloping bank, walked, peering about him, along the bottom of the moat. "You will find it overgrowing, no doubt," he said, "but your eyes are better than mine. It is ten years since I looked for it."

I searched along the trailing creepers and presently discovered the mouth of the conduit. It was of thick stone and mortar and from its appearance must have been of very ancient construction. But the opening was choked with earth and grass and probably had been so for centuries. I said as much to Mr. Kesteven.

"No," he returned, "I think not. I believe my predecessor in the tenancy of the castle had it opened some fifty years ago, and flooded the moat for his gun amusement. I understand that the experiment was quite successful and entertained a party of guests, one of whom," he added dryly, "fell into the water and was only rescued with some difficulty. But you shall make better acquaintance with our neighbor after breakfast. I assure you, Mr. Greotrex, it is worth your study, and this castle of mine is by no means singular."

I was quite at his disposal for a short while in the morning and upon that occasion got my first knowledge of the topography of the Great, a knowledge which, as you shall hear, I was glad enough to profit by at a little later period. And here I may set forth in a few words the character of that country which was destined to be so strangely connected with my fortunes. The castle stood upon a little eminence toward the higher parts of the hills and looked down toward the valley upon a long, broad valley as upon its special domain. This valley, which was some three miles long and little more than a mile across, was enclosed by steep, rising hills and enveloped in a dense growth of forest. Two roads ran from the castle toward the east downward, one upon either side of the ravine. One of them—*that* by which I had mounted on the previous afternoon—we took upon this walk together.

We had gone about a mile or rather less upon this road when we came upon the first signs of life. The country was but sparsely peopled; but here, at my rate, was some remote and faithful settler. The inn—for such it was—bore the name of the Woodman and was, as I conceived, of the eleventh century at least. It was small, but the outbuildings attaching to it rambled away into the forest behind. The sign swung, croaking, on a green patch of grass before the door. As we drew near, a man lounging in front of the inn suddenly drew his pipe from his mouth and touched his head.

"Good morning, Hood," said my companion quietly, pausing and leaning on his stick. "These are very pleasant days for us all."

"They are," replied the man.

SANTA CLAUS

AT Jos. A. Shader's

A new and handsome line of TOYS

Dolls, Wagons, Trunks A great variety of Novelties.

Candies, Cakes, Oranges, Figs, Bananas, Etc.

BE SURE TO COME IN EARLY.

He was of middle height, with a great appearance of activity in his shrewish body, and his thin dark face bore a habitual expression of polite defiance. It was as if his air suggested that he already interpreted your unuttered wishes. I understood the reason the next moment.

Mr. Kesteven, turning to me, nodded in a friendly way toward the man. "You have heard me speak of Hood," said he, with a faint smile. "He was the valet I mentioned, whom I lost a month back. A month, isn't it, Hood?"

"Yes, sir; just a month—four weeks and three days, that is," replied the man respectfully.

"Ah, indeed; it's wonderful how long time tarries," said my host cheerfully. "Business goes, Hood? I hope you are not losing by the experience. I suppose," he said, turning to me again, "that it is a trying position to be in a subordinate state. Every one likes his independence."

I assented conventionally, and Hood waited very courteously until I had made my answer before he took up his reply to his former master's question.

"I can't complain, sir," he said. "There's not much trade in the Great, sir, but I do a certain business."

"Ah, I should have thought it a wiser policy to have gone nearer civilization, Hood. Why not have taken a place at Llanellan?"

A faint but respectful smile hovered on the man's shrewish face. "I don't hold so much with Llanellan, sir. This is a tidy house, and business will improve, I hope."

"Well, we let us hope so," was Mr. Kesteven's answer as his eyes wandered toward the inn. "A pretty place, is it not, Mr. Greotrex?" And then with a glance at the valet, he said, "Hood, you have had an accident, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "a slight accident, something of consequence. I fell against the bar yesterday," and he put a shaggy apologetically to his clean shaven lip, which I now perceived to be somewhat swollen.

"A nasty fall, a nasty fall," said Mr. Kesteven, shaking his head. "It is lucky it was no worse." He moved away with a courteous nod of the head, to which the innkeeper responded with a salute. As he did so he turned and, taking my arm, pulled back at Hood.

"You see the Great has its vices sometimes, Hood. Mr. Greotrex is staying with me. So perhaps we may turn the Woodman in time into a fashionable resort of society."

He laughed as if at his own small jest, in which the innkeeper joined, and, pressing my arm, walked on. He seemed a very old and experienced man, and I had no doubt but that Hood had been an excellent servant. I remarked as much to which he assented coolly.

"I have never come upon a man who fell into my ways better and knew his work more efficiently," he said. "An admirable servant—altogether admirable."

Our walk had exhilarated me and, what is more, had given me a huge appetite. The result of this was that I heartily lunch, which was delicately served by the agreeable old housekeeper. Mr. Kesteven also seemed to rally his appetite for he had eaten with me the previous evening, and drank a good deal of brown sherry, in which he justly invited me to join him. But I was for the sake of perfect clarity, and I found much to my palate.

Whether it was the sherry or not, my host's tongue paled very continuously during the meal, but always in the most possessed and civil manner. He spoke of his house, of his ancient descent (which was as ancient as the castle and finally of himself. The Kestevens had been people of note in other centuries, had boarded giants and flattered brutes, and were lately in various characters across the stage of history. But now they were dwindling to this one feeble man. The race had lost its physical vigor. From contesting tournaments, fighting battles and intriguing against courts, had come to philosophize and write between four walls. And then, falling silent for a time, he inspected his finger nails and suddenly and after a space rose and pushed his chair back.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Greotrex," he said, with a gesture of apology. "I did not notice you had not finished. I beg your pardon."

Of course I put myself at his disposal. For, in truth, I had eaten and drunk quite enough. But, seeming not to care, he looked upon the table and, at last, raising his eyes to mine and playing quiet, but scarcely in a nervous fashion, with the forks before him, he said very quietly:

"I have had the honor of your acquaintance for some twenty hours, Mr. Greotrex. It is little two men can know of each other in so brief a time. But I am about to take quick acquaintance of people and content to risk a mistake. You have, if you will forgive me saying so, an admirable habit of silence. He paused, and, as if it had been to justify his sentence, I held my tongue. "A recluse like myself—that is how you would style me," he resumed, "must have some occupation for his moments. I have explained that I am no student. It follows that I have some other hobby—shall we say?"

A ghost of a smile glittered on his face, and then his head turned sharply toward a window which overlooked the courtyard. There was the sound of footsteps upon the rough cobble. I am about to disclose to you, Mr. Greotrex, the secret of my seclusion."

I rose with him, strangely influenced by this solemn scene. "It was really solemn, or was it the mere whim of an old age, the pompous revelation of senile eccentricity? I followed him down the stone passage to the entrance of the castle. Fifty paces farther brought us to the entrance to the keep, but a dozen yards from this Mr. Kes-

teen paused and, turning the key in a heart, oaken door, entered a room of considerable size, which, as you will see, looked forth upon the back part of the park from the second floor. Like all the chambers in that ancient building, it was paneled with oak.

The room was devoid of furniture save for a rickety chair or two and was wholly destitute of carpet, so that our feet rang loudly upon the stone floor. It seemed to me at that moment, and with the best preparations for that mission, that I was, so to speak, upon the very edge of a mysterious discovery. Mr. Kesteven placed a chair against the wall and, stepping upon it with difficulty, raised his hand till it touched the topmost panel near the window. There followed a slight creak, and the panel slid back, disclosing a dark and vacant space in which I could dimly discern the separation of shelves. My host had not dropped his fingers into the recesses of this cupboard when a faint noise caught his ears, and he turned abruptly. I had followed him into the room, and the door stood open. But I turned now with him and followed the direction of his gaze. The man Hood stood forward in the doorway, with an apologetic air. Mr. Kesteven's hand dropped sharply, and with a certain brusqueness he demanded, "What do you want?"

The valet looked an imaginary figure. "I beg your pardon, sir, I am sure, but I called to know if you would be wanting that gun you spoke of the other day. Mrs. Minnie didn't want it, and I thought that maybe it would save time if I was to ask you myself."

He was a perfect model of servile deportment, displayed nothing of nervousness, but only the rigid good manners of the trained servant. Mr. Kesteven stepped down from the chair and leisurely dusted his coat sleeves. Then he looked up, and the western sun struck full upon his face, which I could not but observe was more colored than usual.

"No, thank you, Hood," he said. "I have changed my mind. It was good of you, but I shall not need it."

The two men eyed each other for an instant, and then the servant's eyes fell with civil politeness. "Thank you, sir. Sorry to trouble you, sir," he said, and turned about on the threshold. But Mr. Kesteven stopped him. "As you are here, Hood," he said, breathing hard, as from his exertions, "I should be obliged if you would kindly close that panel for me. I am not so young as I was, naturally, Mr. Greotrex," he explained, turning to me with a faint smile.

There was a perceptible pause for so ready a servant, I thought, as Hood moved from his place by the door to obey the order. I thought, too, that I noticed a sudden flash of amazement pass in his eyes, but when he went by we were merely deferential, and I imagined that I had been mistaken.

"And now, my friend," said Mr. Kesteven, putting his hand through the pane which had been closed, "we will get into the open air. We cannot get ourselves too much or too often of these summer days; eh, Hood?"

"No, sir," said Hood promptly, with the promptness of a machine and with no more objection than a good servant should have.

"Ah, I feel it myself, Mr. Greotrex," said the old man, leaning somewhat heavily upon my arm as we issued from the chamber.

Hood closed and locked the door after him. "Did they, sir," he said respectfully, holding it out.

"Oh, the key will do where it is," replied Mr. Kesteven, without looking round. "Leave it in the lock, Hood. As we retraced our steps along the corridor, which echoed dull to the rear, he conversed about other things.

"The panel did lock," he said.

He made no reference whatever to the matter upon which he had been engaged when we were interrupted. At the top of the stairway he took his arm round mine.

"If you will excuse me for a few minutes, Mr. Greotrex," he said, "I will join you in the dining room."

He walked backward a few yards toward the room which I had learned was his bedroom, and as he did so the lean figure of the deferential innkeeper rose out of the gloom as if it were to him. I myself went down into the courtyard, and then found my way into the large oaken dining room.

When he entered, some few minutes later, I was astounded by the change in his face. Naturally pale, it was now of a peculiar and ghastly pallor, which gave his head almost the appearance of a skull. Laying a finger on my arm, he spoke quite sharply.

"Mr. Greotrex," said he, "you can do me a particular favor if you will. I listened, murmuring my willingness. "Can you drive me to Raymond at once? I will have the horses put in the stable."

"Most certainly," I answered, staring at and at a loss for more words. "I care you many thanks," he said, and, slipping away with that noiseless tottering gait of his, he disappeared into the courtyard.

It was no more than fifteen minutes we were upon the road. I drove the mare at a rapid pace, being conscious of my companion's restlessness, and for a

NOTHING WILL PLEASE

"HIM"

MORE Than a BOX OF CIGARS FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT
Of course HE WANTS A GOOD BRAND.

ANY OF THE LAKE BRANDS WILL PLEASE HIM.

For Sale by all of the Springfield Dealers.

B. D. LAKE, Mnfr.

time he spoke no word save to direct me at the crossroads, but lay back on his seat with his arms folded, his hat lowering upon his eyes and his eyes fixed upon the immediate pursuit. But after awhile he uttered a little sigh, as of one whose deliberations had relieved him, and turned a mild eye upon me.

"You drive well, my friend," he said. "From all appearances you have a hard nerve. It is well. It is well. It is the one thing I have aimed at, and I might have succeeded had not my necessities weakened the blood."

I told him that so far as I could see he had no reason to complain of his nerve.

"You think so? Then it seems that you are not only a silent but an observing person," he said, smiling. "But you are wrong—you are wrong. Nevertheless, I am glad to find you so observant. My dear sir, there is nothing so important as observation. Education and breeding and birth, these you may buy or feign, but observation is the measure of a man's character. With that he sank into silence once more, nor so far as I can recall, did we exchange one sentence till we arrived in Raymond."

We drew up in the main street, off a large and formless building, upon the door of which was emblazoned the name of a solicitor and notary. And here, begging me to await him, the old gentleman alighted and entered the house. It was not very long after that he stepped out with a pleasant little lawyer behind him, and I noticed that he himself seemed very well pleased. He talked as if a load was off his mind; but, to tell the truth, I felt that it was time I had some explanation. It was not that I grumbled the old gentleman my fellowship, such as it was, and it certainly was not that I was tired of the experience. Quite the contrary. I was tantalized by these strange tastes of my neighbor. My nose took the scent of mystery as a hound sniffs the air, and when I spoke so abruptly it was only in the wish to let him understand that I thought my fidelity had earned its wages.

"It is well to be armed at all points, my friend," he had remarked complacently. "I find a complete equipment is a salve against possible evils."

"That's very true," I said, "and I am delighted if my small services this afternoon have been of any use to you. The happy occasion of suggesting to you this comfortable reflection. But now, if you will excuse me, Mr. Kesteven, I will put my thanks in your hands for a very agreeable hospitality."

"And—"

"He is visibly disconcerted, as I had hoped he would be."

"You are not thinking of your inn?" he demanded after a pause in which he recovered.

"My dear sir," I replied, "I have been thrust upon you, a complete stranger, for a day and a night."

"His face suffused with amusement. "I don't think we are strangers to each other, Mr. Greotrex," he observed.

We have the completest line of Toys ever brought to Springfield—everything you can think of. Bring the children early.

YOU NEED IT

SALVE CURES

Candies, Nuts, Oranges, Bananas and all kinds of fruits. The best in town, at the most reasonable prices.

HERTLEIN'S Confectionery.

For Sale By All Druggists.

DR. J. W. THOMAS, Hodgenville, Ky.

JOHN Y. MAYES, Funeral Director

—And—
Licensed Embalmer,

SPRINGFIELD, - - KENTUCKY

Best Attention. Every courtesy shown.

Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes. Telephone: Day, 19; Night, 74.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

The Children's Favorite
Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

This remedy is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It is the only remedy that cures the cough, soothes the throat, and relieves the lungs. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ages.

Price 25 cts; Large Size, 50 cts.

